THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

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Written for THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

SHADOWS.

BY FANNIE BRUNER.

O'er every home some shadows fall,
Yet heaven's sunlight shines for all;
To every life comes clouds like night,
And yet beyond them beams the light.
And comes to all, sooner or late,
Experience dark of adverse fate;
Our faintest dreams are ne'er fulfilled,
Our brightest hopes rude frosts have chilled.

They seem as clouds that dim life's sky,
Yet are but shadows flitting by,
And born of sunlight's ray serene
And passing mists that intervene—
Shadows, not clouds, that light and shade
With shimmering touch each grassy blade,
That come and go, and still allure,
And chase each other o'er the moor.

Shadows that come from sunset beam
To some as darkest clouds must seem;
Look not too low, lift up thine eyes
And see above are cloudless skies;
And love and hope and faith supreme
Make heavy clouds as shadows seem,
At hide-and-seek they idly play,
And touch the heart, then flit away.

GARFIELD, KY., March, 1881.

ARDKILL COTTAGE
OR,
A Mother's Revenge.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXIII.
ON THE CLIFFS.

No attempt at escape was made. The Earl breakfasted by himself at about nine, and then lighting a cigar, roamed about for awhile around the Inn, thinking of the work that was now before him. He saw nothing of Father Marty, though he knew that the priest was still in Ennistimon. And he felt that he was watched. They might have saved themselves that trouble, for he certainly had no intention of breaking his word to them. So he told himself. And yet since he had been back in County Clare he had almost regretted that he had not broken his faith to them and remained in England. At half-past ten he started on a car, having promised to be at the cottage at noon, and he told his servant that he should certainly leave Ennistimon that day at three. The horse and gig were to be ready for him exactly at that hour.

On this occasion he did not go through Liscannor, but took the other road to the burial-ground. There he left his car and slowly walked along the cliffs till he came to the path leading down from them to the cottage. It was a hot midsummer day, and there seemed to be hardly a ripple on the waves. The tide was full in, and he sat for awhile looking down upon the blue waters.

When the time had come he rose from his seat and took the path down to the cottage. At the corner of the little patch of garden ground attached to it he met Mrs. O'Hara. Her hat was on her head, and a light shawl was on her shoulders, as though she had prepared herself for walking. He immediately asked after Kate. She told him that Kate was within and should see him presently. Would it not be better that they two should go up on the cliffs together, and there say what might be necessary for the mutual understanding of their purposes? "There should be no talking of all this before Kate," said Mrs O'Hara.

"That is true."

"You can imagine what she must feel if she is told to doubt. Lord Scroope; will you not say at once that there shall be no doubt? You must not ruin my child in return for her love!"

"If there must be ruin I would sooner bear it myself," said he. And then they walked on without further speech till they had reached a point somewhat to the right, and higher than that on which he had sat before. It was almost the summit of the cliffs. The fall from it was almost precipitous to the ocean, so that the face of the rocks immediately below was not in view; but there was a curve here in the line of the shore, and a little bay in the coast, which exposed to view the whole side of the opposite cliff, so that the varying colors of the rocks might be seen.

"There are no gulls now," she said as she seated herself, as though for a moment she had forgotten the great subject which filled her mind.

"No; they never show themselves in weather like this. They only come when the wind blows. I wonder where they go when the sun shines."

"They are just the opposite to men and women, who only come around you in fine weather. How hot it is!" and she threw her shawl back from her shoulders.

"Yes, indeed. I walked up from the burial-ground, and I found that it was very hot. Have you seen Father Marty this morning?"

"No. Have you?" she asked the question, turning upon him very shortly.

"Not to-day. He was with me till late last night."

"Well?" He did not answer her. He had nothing to say to her. In fact every thing had been said yesterday. If she had questions to ask he would answer them. "What did you settle last night? When he went from me an hour after you were gone, he said that it was impossible that you should mean to destroy her."

"God forbid that I should destroy her."

"He said that—that you were afraid of her father."

"I am."

"And of me."

"No; not of you, Mrs. O'Hara."

"Listen to me. He said that such a one as you can not endure the presence of an uneducated and ill-mannered mother-in-law. Do not interrupt me, Lord Scroope. If you will marry her, my girl shall never see my face again; and I will cling to that man and will not leave him for a moment, so that he shall never put his foot near your door. Our name shall never be spoken in your hearing. She shall never even write to me if you think it better that we shall be so separated."

"It is not that," he said.

"What is it, then?"

"Oh, Mrs. O'Hara, you do not understand. You—you I could love dearly."

"I would have you keep all your love for her."

"I do love her. She is good enough for me. So is too good; and so are you. It is for the family, and not for myself."

"How will she harm the family?"

"I swore to my uncle that I would not make her Countess of Scroope."

"And have you not sworn to her again and again that she should be your wife? Do you think that she would have done for you what she has done had you not so sworn? Lord Scroope, I can not think that you really mean it." She put both her hands softly upon his arm and looked up to him imploring his mercy.

He got up from his seat and roamed along the cliff, and she followed him, still imploring. Her tones were soft, and her words were the words of a suppliant. Would he not relent and save her child from wretchedness, from ruin, and from death? "I will keep her with me till I die," he said.

"But not as your wife?"

"She shall have all attention from me—every thing that a woman's heart can desire. You two shall be never separated."

"But not as your wife?"

"I will live where she and you may please. She shall want nothing that my wife would possess."

"But not as your wife?"

"Not as Countess of Scroope."

"You would have her as your mistress, then?" As she asked this question the tone of her voice was altogether altered, and the threatening lion-look had returned to her eyes. They were now near the seat, confronted to each other; and the fury of her bosom, which for awhile had been dominated by the tenderness of the love for her daughter, was again raging within her. "As your mistress," she repeated, "and I, her mother, am to stand by and see it, and know that my girl is dishonored! Would your mother have borne that for your sister? How would it be if your sister were as that girl is now?"

"I have no sister."

"And therefore you are thus hard-hearted. She shall never be your harlot—never. I would myself sooner take from her the life I gave her. You have destroyed her, but she shall never be a thing so low as that."

"I will marry her—in a foreign land."

"And why not here? She is as good as you. Why should she not bear the name you are so proud of dinning into our ears? Why should she not be a Countess? Has she ever disgraced herself? If she is disgraced in your eyes you must be a Devil."

"It is not that," he said hoarsely.

"What is it? What has she done that she should be thus punished? Tell me, man, that she shall be your lawful wife!" As she said this she caught him roughly by the collar of his coat and shook him with her arm.

"It can not be so," said the Earl of Scroope.

"It can not be so! But I say it shall—or—or——! What are you, that she should be in your hands like this? Say that she shall be your wife, or you shall never live to speak to another woman." The peril of his position on the top of the cliff had not occurred to him, nor did it occur to him now. He had been there so often that the place gave him no sense of danger. Nor had that peril—as it was thought afterwards by those who most closely made inquiry on the matter—ever occurred to her. She had not brought him there that she might frighten him with that danger, or that she might avenge herself by the power which it gave her. But now the idea flashed across her maddened mind. "Miscreant!" she said. And she bore him back to the very edge of the precipice.

"You'll have me over the cliff," he exclaimed, hardly even yet putting out his strength against her.

"And so I will, by the help of God! Now think of her! Now think of her!" And as she spoke she pressed him backwards towards his fall. He had power enough to bend his knee, and to crouch beneath her grasp on to the loose crumbling soil of the margin of the rocks. He still held her by her cuff, and it seemed for a moment as though she must go with him. But, on a sudden, she spurned him with her foot on the breast, the rag of cloth parted in his hand, and the poor wretch tumbled forth alone into eternity.

That was the end of Frederic Neville, Earl of Scroope, and the end, too, of all that poor girl's hopes in this world.

Her Kate was at last avenged. The woman stood there in her solitude for some minutes thinking of the thing she had done. The man had injured her—sorely—and she had punished him. He had richly deserved the death which he had received from her hands. In these minutes, as regarded him, there was no remorse. But how should she tell the news to her child? The blow which had thrust him over would, too, probably, destroy other life than his. Would it not be better that her girl should so die? What could prolonged life give her that would be worth her having? As for herself, in these first moments of her awe she took no thought of her own danger. As regarded herself, she was proud of the thing she had accomplished; but how should she tell her child that it was done?

She slowly took the path, not to the cottage, but down towards the burial-ground and Liscannor, passing the car which was waiting in vain for the young lord. On she walked with rapid step, indifferent to the heat, still proud of what she had done, raging with a maddened pride. During that walk it was that she first repeated to herself the words that were ever afterwards on her tongue—"An Eye for an Eye." Was not that justice? And, had she not taken the eye herself, would any Court in the world have given it to her? Yes—an eye for an eye! Death in return for ruin! One destruction for another! The punishment had been just. An eye for an eye! Let the Courts of the world now say what they pleased, they could not return to his earldom the man who had plundered and despoiled her child.

Rapidly she went down by the burying-ground, and into the priest's house. Father Marty was there, and she stalked at once into his presence. "Ha! Mrs. O'Hara! And where is Lord Scroope?"

"There," she said, pointing out towards the ocean. "Under the rocks!"

"He has fallen?"

"I thrust him down with my hands and with my feet." As she said this, she used her hand and her foot as though she were now using her strength to push the man over the edge. "Yes, I thrust him down, and he fell splashing into the waves. I heard it as his body struck the water. He will shoot no more of the sea-gulls now."

"You do not mean that you have murdered him?"

"You may call it murder if you please, Father Marty. An eye for an eye, Father Marty! It is justice, and I have done it. An Eye for an Eye!"

CHAPTER XXIV.
CONCLUSION.

The story of the poor mad woman who still proclaims in her seclusion the justice of the deed which she did has now been told. It may perhaps be well to collect the scattered ends of the threads of the tale for the benefit of readers who desire to know the whole of a history.

Mrs. O'Hara never returned to the cottage on the cliffs after the perpetration of the deed. On the unhappy priest devolved the duty of doing whatever must be done. The police at the neighboring barracks were told that the young lord had perished by a fall from the cliffs, and by them search was made for the body. No real attempt was set on foot to screen the woman who had done the deed by any concealment of the facts. She herself was not alive to the necessity of making any such attempt. "An eye for an eye!" she said to the head-constable when the man interrogated her. It soon became known to all Liscannor, to Ennistimon, to the ladies at Castle Quin, and to all the barony of Corcomroe, that Mrs. O'Hara had thrust the Earl of Scroope over the cliffs of Moher, and that she was now detained at the house of Father Marty in the custody of a policeman. Before the day was over it was declared also that she was mad, and that her daughter was dying.

The deed which the woman had done and the death of the young lord were both terrible to Father Marty; but there was a duty thrown upon him more awful to his mind even than these. Kate O'Hara, when her mother appeared at the priest's house, had been alone at the cottage. By degrees Father Marty learned from the wretched woman something of the circumstances of that morning's work. Kate had not seen her lover that day, but had been left in the cottage while her mother went out to meet the man, and if possible to persuade him to do her child justice. The priest understood that she would be waiting for them, or more probably searching for them on the cliffs. He got upon his horse and rode up the hill with a heavy heart. What should he tell her, and how should he tell it?

Before he reached the cottage she came running down the hillside to him. "Father Marty, where is mother? Where is Mr. Neville? You know. I see that you know. Where are they?" He got off his horse and put his arm around her body and seated her beside himself on the rising bank by the wayside. "Why don't you speak?" she said.

"I can not speak," he murmured. "I can not tell you."

"Is he—dead?" He only buried his face in his hands. "She has killed him! Mother! mother!" Then, with one loud, long, wailing shriek, she fell upon the ground.

Not for a month after that did she know any thing of what happened around her. But yet it seemed that during that time her mind had not been altogether vacant, for when she awoke to self-consciousness she knew at least that her lover was dead. She had been taken into Ennistimon, and there, under the priest's care, had been tended with infinite solicitude; but almost with a hope on his part that nature might give way and that she might die. Overwhelmed as she was with sorrows past and to come, would it not be better for her that she should go hence and be no more seen? But as Death can not be barred from the door when he knocks at it, so neither can he be made to come as a guest when summoned. She still lived, though life had so little to offer to her.

But Mrs. O'Hara never saw her child again. With passionate entreaties she begged of the police that her little girl might be brought to her, and that she might be allowed if it were only to see her face or to touch her hand. Her entreaties to the priest, who was constant in his attendance upon her in the prison to which she was removed from his house, were piteous, almost heart-breaking. But the poor girl, though she was meek, silent, and almost apathetic in her tranquility, could not even bear the mention of her mother's name. Her mother had destroyed the father of the child that was to be born to her, her lover, her hero, her god; and in her remembrance of the man who had betrayed her, she learned to execrate the mother who had sacrificed every thing—her very reason—in avenging the wrongs of her child!

Mrs. O'Hara was taken away from the priest's house to the county jail, but was then in a condition of acknowledged insanity. That she had committed the murder no one who heard the story doubted; but of her guilt there was no evidence whatever beyond the random confession of a maniac. No detailed confession was ever made by her. "An eye for an eye," she would say when interrogated. "Is not that justice? A tooth for a tooth!" Though she was for awhile detained in prison, it was impossible to prosecute her, even with a view to an acquittal on the ground of insanity; and while the question was under discussion among the lawyers, provision for her care and maintenance came from another source.

As also it did for the poor girl. For awhile every thing was done for her under the care of Father Marty; but there was another Earl of Scroope in the world, and as soon as the story was known to him and the circumstances had been made clear, he came forward to offer on behalf of the family whatever assistance might now avail them any thing. As months rolled on the time of Kate O'Hara's further probation came, but Fate spared her the burden and despair of a living infant. It was at last thought better that she should go to her father and live in France with him, reprobate though the man was. The priest offered to find a home for her in his own house at Liscannor; but, as he said himself, he was an old man, and one who when he went would leave no home behind him. And then it was felt that the close vicinity of the spot on which her lover had perished would produce a continued melancholy that might crush her spirits utterly. Captain O'Hara therefore was desired to come and fetch his child, and he did so, with many protestations of virtue for the future. If actual pecuniary comfort can conduce to virtue in such a man, a chance was given him. The Earl of Scroope was only too liberal in the settlement he made. But the settlement was on the daughter and not on the father; and it is possible therefore that some gentle restraint may have served to keep him out of the deep abysses of wickedness.

The effects of the tragedy on the coast of Clare spread beyond Ireland, and drove another woman to the verge of insanity. When the Countess of Scroope heard the story, she shut herself up at Scroope and would see no one but her own servants. When the succeeding Earl came to the house which was now his own, she refused to admit him into presence, and declined even a renewed visit from Miss Mellerby, who at that time had returned to her father's roof. At last the clergyman of Scroope prevailed, and to him she unburdened her soul, acknowledging, with an energy that went perhaps beyond the truth, the sin of her own conduct in producing the catastrophe which had occurred. "I knew that he had wronged her, and yet I bade him not to make her his wife." That was the gist of her confession, and she declared that the young man's blood would be on her hands till she died. A small cottage was prepared for her on the estate, and there she lived in absolute seclusion till death relieved her from her sorrows.

And she lived not only in seclusion, but in solitude almost to her death. It was not till four years after the occurrences which have been here related that John, fourteenth Earl of Scroope, brought a bride home to Scroope Manor. The reader need hardly be told that that bride was Sophia Mellerby. When the young Countess came to live at the Manor the old Countess admitted her visits, and at last found some consolation in her friend's company. But it lasted not long, and then she was taken away and buried beside her lord in the chancel of the parish church.

When it was at last decided that the law should not interfere at all as to the personal custody of the poor maniac who had sacrificed every thing to avenge her daughter, the Earl of Scroope selected for her comfort the asylum in which she still continues to justify from morning to night, and, alas! often all the night long, the terrible deed of which she is ever thinking. "An eye for an eye," she says to the woman who watches her.

"Oh, yes, ma'am; certainly."

"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth! Is it not so? An eye for an eye!"

[THE END.]

MACKSVILLE.

The boys when they go to see their girls leave their horses at home and heel it.

The mud here sometimes gets clear up over the pavements. They are invisible now. Oh! it's awful.

Boys, go talk to your own girls. I'm racking this Jennie now.

The measles ripped and tore around here for awhile, but soon froze out, took the croup, and died.

What is the difference, if we do have two Sunday Schools? We need half a dozen here, but then some would be dissatisfied.

"Daisy," what has become of you? What are you dodging around for?

Gee-whiz! what is that making so much fuss? Oh, it is just Bill Mc.'s dogs killing another cat, for every thing in the shape of a cat that gets on Dog street, gets torn square in two in the middle.

Every body is aiming to raise the White Burley this year. Whoopee! boys, we will have the White Burley to smoke, chew and spit next year, and don't you forget it.

Mr. Bill Glasscock's house burned down the other night. Having caught in the roof the flames were beyond reach and had attained too great headway before the family awoke. They scarcely saved any thing beyond a couple of beds and a sewing machine.

One of our good Baptist ladies refuses to attend class-meeting any more. She says she does not like the music on the harp on such an occasion. Yet she was not there at the supposed time the performance should have taken place.

DIED.—March 3rd, of consumption, Miss Mollie Gregory.

But, ah, what is life? 'Tis like a flower that
blossoms and is gone;
It flourisheth its little hour with all its beauty
on;
Death comes, and like a wintry day
It cuts the lovely flower away.

SHANKS.

CLIFTON MILLS.

In your issue of the 16th inst., there is a piece under the *nom de plume* of "One of Two," headed Dry Valley, which is not Dry Valley news, as "One of Two" has taken Clifton Mills for the bigger part of his subject, and has tried to burlesque one of Clifton's citizens, and has taken a special interest in a roundabout way of advertising for the balance of the business men of Clifton. Now that is all right—the favored ones are democrats to a letter, and the "dejected, melancholy" man is independent in politics, takes no pride in reading political papers or other trash of that sort, but will stick to the Scientific American and all other papers of that class.

"One of Two" is correct in part about the perpetual motion. One Jas. H. Wilson did claim to have gotten up a perpetual power, and one Joe Jarred had agreed to furnish money to pay for a model and defray expenses of getting a patent, but the aforesaid Wilson was not mechanic enough to make the machine, and the aforesaid Jarred was getting tired of furnishing money with no prospect of returns. Then the aforesaid Wilson and Jarred and one J. C. Wheeler went into an agreement of this form: That as J. H. Wilson had invented a perpetual power he was to have 50 per cent., and Jarred and Wheeler were to have 25 per cent. each, Jarred to furnish the money to defray all expenses of getting a patent, and Wheeler to complete the machine, then under construction, and to make or cause to be made a model to be sent to the patent office under the following considerations: Wheeler was to look at the machine and hear Wilson express his ideas, and if he (Wheeler) thought enough of it to go ahead, then it was a contract, but if he did not like it, then it was no go. But Wilson, being a man of very suspicious mind, would not let Wheeler see the machine until he made an affidavit not to reveal any of the secrets of the machine, or take any advantage of Wilson's ideas within twelve months from date of affidavit, or the machine was patented, either of which would release him from his obligation. Now, when Wheeler looked at the machine, he saw that it was a sell, and that there was nothing in it, and that as yet perpetual motion or power was an impossibility. There have been a great many different tales afloat in this vicinity about the machine, and about Wheeler's opinion of it. I am told that there is one Minor, living above Cloverport, who has taken an interest in the machine and says there is "millions in it." Now, as some parties have taken sides with the machine and Wilson, I am authorized by Wheeler to say to those that think it will run, and want to bet on it, that he is not a monied man, but will put up all of his property, both personal and real, at a cash value, and bet that the machine will never be a success, giving twelve months' time to test it. Now, this offer is standing open at any time, so "put up or shut up."

The latest sensation at Clifton is A. M. Glassgow and his saw. It beats St. Jacob's oil.

L. R. Adkisson's school closed sometime ago, and we can heartily recommend him as one of the best teachers we have ever had at this place.

Miss Fannie Bridwell has just opened a subscription school, under favorable prospects.

The farmers of this vicinity are running wild over the White Burley.

T. G. Jourdan boasts of the fattest baby in this part of the country.

Count us one for Gen. Murray. His proceedings in the Utah Cannon case speak well for him, and such men are a credit to old Breckenridge. If the president and congress don't back him in what he has done, it is high time for the citizens to try and get men into office that have got principle and courage enough to see that the law is enforced.

Give them all to Pierce and Beard—so say the democrats of this precinct.

Mr. H. B. Parks has sold his farm at this place to Mr. Eugene Beauchampe. Mr. Parks is speculating in tobacco, and paying very liberal prices.

Adkisson & Dent have all the tobacco they can handle, and have stopped the farmers from delivering until May.

Call and see the riding saw. Wheeler does the "labor" while Glassgow does the —well, he does the "gassing."

Roads are almost impassable from this place to Stephensport. While the county court is so liberal in its bridge building, it had better donate about $300 to bridge Dry Valley. It will have to be done some time. They are a tax-paying people, and should derive some benefit from the public money.

Now, for "One of Two." ONLY ONE.

NALL'S VALLEY.

Nall's Valley is situated about twelve miles northwest of Elizabethtown, near the high elevation known as Blue Ball, and is one of the finest valleys in the county.

The prospect for oats is "slim."

Plenty of rain and mud.

There have been several cases of measles in this and the surrounding neighborhood, a few of which proved fatal.

Mr. C. D. Weller, of Warren county, is visiting at the residence of Dr. D. B. Lewis. It isn't his first trip either. Wonder what he comes for?

Joplin Bros., and Bridwell, of Elizabethtown, have shipped south several car loads of fine horses and mules during the winter, which they purchased from Hardin and the adjacent counties. On last Thursday they bought in Elizabethtown fourteen fine horses. Among the number was one fine saddle and harness horse bought of M. H. Carman, a citizen of our valley, for which they paid a good price.

As the boys are disturbing me, I guess I must stop for this time. More at another time. UNCLE CLEM.

BEWLEYVILLE.

To-day we are having winter in earnest.
First it snows, and then it blows,
And every one says, "Shut the doors!"
It makes poor cattle hump their backs,
And wish their owners had more stacks.

Mr. Hensley and Dr. Taylor, it seems, have come to an understanding about their trade, as Mr. H. is selling his stock, corn, oats, etc., and it is said he will move in a few days. The people will regret to lose him, but will give the Doctor a hearty welcome. They will perhaps have exchanged homes before these lines go to press.

Sam Leslie has at last set sail for "Bleeding Kansas," and it is the wish of all that he may never return. But should he ever be desirous of paying those little balances, his remittances will be thankfully received. Bill Claycomb says he frequently sees Sam—in his dreams—with a shotgun on his shoulder, and advising him to sell that old cooking stove and scythe blade and make his money.

William J. Stith has lately engaged in the patent fence business. He has planted his sign on the corner of Main street and Smoky Row, in Bewleyville, where he can be found, at all times, unless somewhere else, and ready to convince you that it is the fence.

When you visit Bewleyville again you will be convinced that Boon Rigsby is a live merchant. He has doubled the capacity of his storehouse, and filled it with new goods, which he is selling cheap. He has a fresh supply of *those cheese*.

My young friend, Alex Hardaway, informs me that his visit to the Virginia Springs has greatly improved his health and spirits. No doubt Uncle Ben Stith will be glad to hear it.

In and around Rosetta there are half a dozen widowers. Around Bewleyville there are as many widows. Come over, gentlemen. Don't be backward, unless you prefer young ones.

We perceive from the last number of the NEWS that your county correspondents are on the increase, and we look for a lively time this year in your columns. PETE.

BEECH FORK.

Snow and wind are in order.

Mr. Tice Jolly has been Hall-ing.

The farmers are done burning plant-beds, and are plowing for corn.

We had quite a nice time at the party at Mr. Hall's.

That is Mr. H. P——'s business about taking all the girls.

Miss Ada had a compliment passed on her at the party.

Prayer meeting at Taul's schoolhouse every Sunday evening. Mr. W. A——, come up.

"Miss S——, O! will you have me? Yes, Jimmy, yes!"

Some think that when a girl tries to keep from being kissed at a play party she only wishes to be hugged. We do not think that about you, Miss T——.

Lung pads are fashionable among the young ladies. We saw one made of old rags, which we thought was an excellent remedy.

This vicinity abounds with poets. Two of them met a few days ago. He hitched his chair a little closer; she lent towards him; he said, "O, my Nolie Jane!" She said, "what, my little Tice?" He said, "You are as sweet as sugar-cane." She said, "You smell like a cage of mice!" She felt jolly. We don't know how he felt.

Usage establishes right. It has been customary for those who have girls to board the boys, but Mr. D. B——, when he visited Miss L—— the other Sunday, had to have the good woman to wash his face and shave him. He arrived at 9 a. m. When she saw him, she ran with great haste to put some glycerine on her lips. By a sad mistake she got a bottle of mucilage. After using it profusely, she entered the parlor and gave him a loving greeting. To each of their surprise, it was longer than intended. The good mother came around about noon to ask them out to dinner. She looked; they twisted; she then boarded them both with a piece of board which had been used for taking up ashes. He, true to his promise, stuck to her through thick and thin. About 2 p. m., from the heat and excitement of the day, they both fainted. The good mother laid down her board and washed their faces in warm water, and shaved off his mustache. The one were made two again.

ROUGH AND READY.

OAKLAND.

O mud, nothing but mud.

The health in this community is good, and farming a slow-go this spring. But few oats sowed in this neighborhood, and it still rains, and if it does not cease soon F. D—— can not wade the swamp Sunday to see his intended, for if those No. 10 boots ever get through the sod he is "thar."

Mr. George Frank is going to locate in Hardinsburg. Go, George, although we hate to lose you from the neighborhood, we know that you love a goods-box, especially when the sun shines warm. George loves work, for I have known him to walk one mile on the Sabbath to get to ride back home.

Samuel Frank, jr., is one of the counter-jumpers of Hardinsburg.

Mr. Jeff, what are you going to do about that handkerchief?

Mr. C. D—— is still inclined to work at the saw-mill business next year, for he thinks he would make a splendid fireman.

Mr. W. Downs has concluded not to go into the livery business. He has gone to work on his field that sits on edge. He says he will cultivate both sides. TORO.

STEPHENSPORT.

The last few days of warm weather remind us of the near approach of spring; but please excuse us from a poem on "the beautiful."

The ladies of the Baptist church at this place have succeeded in raising funds sufficient to enable them to enclose their church with a nice fence. Thanks to the ladies.

The wheat in this locality appears to be injured considerably by the severe freezes of the past winter. Farmers, while they predict a light yield, express the opinion that it will be of excellent quality.

Your Bewleyville correspondent echoes the opinion of a great many in this locality when he indorses Green W. Beard as a candidate for the popular branch of our state legislature. Mr. Beard, being a man of good business qualifications, and well acquainted with the affairs of the county and its wants, and being a perfect gentleman of the highest type, and possessing sterling qualities of head and heart, would, undoubtedly, make a good representative. At least, this is the opinion of the majority with whom your correspondent has conversed. I consider your correspondent mistaken, however, when he says that the platform which you published some weeks ago is "too broad." When we see upon every side—and we can not fail to see it—the wonderful amount of corruption everywhere visible in politics, the disgraceful and unmanly means which the successful candidate too often employs to secure his election, is it any wonder that gentlemen of high moral character frequently decline to become candidates? For, "to render his election sure," he would, probably, be forced to descend to the tricks and practices of politicians, of which he will not be guilty. By this means some demagogue, whose knowledge of state affairs is not superior to that of the average street-corner politician, is made to represent the best interests of the community, and to frame laws for the government of the intelligent portion thereof, to which his very election is an insult. Until we demand that our candidates stand upon a broad platform of sobriety, honesty, and moral courage; until all good citizens unite in one common effort to secure the election of such candidates, and for the elevation of the *morale* of our politics, we can not hope for any improvement in our laws, and the administration of our offices. Let all good democrats, all good republicans, all good greenbackers, cast a common ballot to free our politics from this terrible blight of corruption which has fallen upon it.

That the NEWS may have long life and great success, as well as its editor, is the wish of IGNOTUS.

SORGHUM VALLEY.

Farming is going on rapidly.

Tobacco seed sowing is about over.

Stock hogs are in good demand.

Bro. Thurman Richeson preaches every first Sunday at New Salem.

HOW BOB WON A QUARTER OFF JIM LAST WEEK.—Rev. F. Bennett was returning home from his circuit. The weather being very cool, he stopped at one of his neighbors to take a warm and a social chat. After he was ushered into the parlor and comfortably seated, he began to talk of religious affairs. Bob called to Jim, and the latter responding, Bob said: "Jim, I will bet you a quarter that I can make Frank's mule bawl." Jim took a close observation of the mule, and seeing nothing uncommon about the animal, only that he appeared to be as old as Methuselah, accepted the wager and put up the money. Bob then took a piece of scantling three inches by six and eight feet long, and drew it across the mule's back. The latter stretched himself as far as the reins would permit. Bob made another rake with the scantling, which caused the mule to emit a sound as difficult to describe as it was disagreeble to the ear. Bob again drew his scantling, and the animal uttered a yell that fairly deafened us. Bob kept on sawing and mule kept up its yelling until Jim acknowledged that he had lost the bet and handed over the money. Jim then asked Bob how he knew the mule would bawl when he drew the scantling across his back. Bob said that he had always heard that Noah had a mule in the ark—steam whistles not being in fashion then—and when he wanted to signal that he was going to make a landing, he would take a piece of scantling and draw it across the mule's back.

There is a beautiful young lady living in Grayson county, who answers to the name of Miss Polly Allen. Miss Polly has dark, waving hair; black, piercing eyes; a handsome form; is a decided brunette, and has barely seen sixteen summers. She declares that she is a better stump speaker than either Hancock or Tilden. And I tell you, when she mounts the stump, delivers her speech, kicks off her slippers and picks up her bucket, she travels lively. Miss Polly, be patient, oh, thou restless heart, and in life's battle take thy part; be not cast down by all thy cares, remember he must win who dares. What though your days be dark and dreary? what though your heart be sad and weary? all is not gloom and sorrow here, all is not wintry woe and drear; summer must come, and joyous May, to cheer and brighten life's rough way. Be therefore strong, and of success be sure; be patient, hopeful, faithful and endure—every Saturday evening.

Tommy Truelove came to Hudsonville the other evening, riding a horse-hide stuffed with sawdust. Tommy says he travels lively, boys.

Ed has rowed his boat from Walker's Mill down to Cumagin Ford, there to remain the rest of the unexpired season, and to paddle his own canoe.

Miss Sarah Randolph began her school at New Salem last Monday. She has our best wishes for her success.

Old Bedle Beard has had the itch for fourteen years, and has just re-enlisted for fourteen more.

The Adventists are coming to New Salem the first of May, to advocate their cause. We are anxiously awaiting their arrival.

Mr. Editor, you will never hear from me again. I died last night. Yours,

EVERGREEN.

Spring has come sure enough.